

Titan King 191

Chapter 191 Frost Giants

Abyssal Chasm – An Unknown Location

A fierce wind howled through the icy expanse as Gustalon emerged from the storm, his translucent form materializing from the swirling air.

"Paradise... hahaha... Damn it, this isn't paradise!"

"Why... why did I come here?"

"Am I lost?"

"Was that an illusion... or a dream?"

Gustalon glanced around at his surroundings, realizing he had drifted further north.

In his dream, he had found a paradise—a haven for wind elementals. But upon waking, the harsh reality of snow and cold greeted him instead.

"The Black Forest has too many powerful beings. What should I do now?"

"Three Wolf Kings? What was that about?"

"And yet, two of them were killed so quickly. Perhaps that's something my lord didn't anticipate."

"I must go to the Abyssal Chasm and report this immediately!"

Black Forest – Barren Mountains

When Chillrend and his horde of snow monsters arrived at the Trolls' gathering place, they found it completely deserted.

"Damn it! Where are those cursed Trolls?"

"Where did they go?"

As Chillrend roared in frustration, one of his kin stepped forward to ask a question.

"Chieftain, where should we go next?"

"A slave reported that the chieftain of the Poison Dragon Swamp led his tribe toward the Black Forest."

"Should we pursue them?"

Chillrend stopped his roaring, his white fur rustling in the wind.

"Pursue them? Why wouldn't we?"

"But, Chieftain, the Black Forest is the territory assigned to the icefield snow wolves. If we chase them there, won't we..."

"Humph! What's there to fear? Those mangy wolves are only dangerous because of their numbers. What else do they have?"

"Chieftain, shouldn't we consult the Lord first?"

Smack!

Chillrend slapped the speaker, sending him flying. His voice was filled with venom as he growled:

"Our great Lord only cares about the amount of spoils we deliver. He doesn't care where they come from!"

"Follow me! I will hunt down the Trolls and avenge my father!"

Orion's earlier prediction had been spot on. The eastern Chillrend had begun moving toward the Black Forest.

To the West – Desert Oasis

Snow Wraith Lumi wandered through the snow-covered desert, her figure solitary amidst the endless white.

The Scorpion Queen Soraya had chosen to avoid confrontation, leaving Lumi with nothing to do.

It seemed the desert had already become Lumi's domain.

Deep beneath the desert, in the underground palace, High Priestess Selenis lowered her head in thought.

"Your Majesty, how long do you think this invasion will last?"

Soraya, draped in a thin red veil as if oblivious to the surrounding cold, leaned lazily against her throne. Her gaze was distant, and she didn't respond immediately.

After a long silence, Soraya murmured softly:

"The elemental energy in this region is growing thinner. The direction of the Black Forest is especially noticeable."

"That giant chieftain... what exactly is he planning?"

Black Forest – Second Ambush Point

Orion sat atop the Thunderhawk, watching as countless icefield snow wolves swam across the wide river.

When the wolves reached the middle of the river, the Stoneheart Horde's bloodline warriors, led by Onyx, Thundar, and Slagor, launched their attack.

Arrows and boulders rained down, and the river was soon filled with the bodies of dead wolves, their corpses carried away by the current.

In the shallows, swamp crocodiles and lizardmen lay in wait, killing any wolves that managed to swim across.

It was a brutal combination of a defensive and offensive battle, with the river becoming a graveyard for countless snow wolves.

Orion guided the Thunderhawk, searching for the last Wolf King.

Despite circling the battlefield several times, neither Orion nor the Thunderhawk could pinpoint the Wolf King's location.

However, both could sense an Alpha-level aura hidden within the wolf pack, confirming that the Wolf King was still present, observing the battle.

"This Wolf King is something else," Orion muttered.

"First, it could split into three. Now, it's hiding so well we can't find it. What a troublesome foe."

Orion knew that visible enemies weren't the real threat—those could be dealt with head-on.

It was the hidden enemies, the ones lurking in the shadows, that were the most dangerous.

Half a Day Later

When the Horde's stockpile of boulders and arrows was depleted, they had no choice but to retreat.

The sheer number of snow wolves was overwhelming. Staying to fight them head-on would only result in heavy losses, something Orion and the elders were determined to avoid.

Victory would be meaningless if it came at the cost of too many bloodline warriors.

As the retreat horn sounded, most of the Horde began withdrawing to the third ambush point, leaving only a small group of elites to cover their retreat.

Orion, riding the Thunderhawk, flew low over the battlefield, bombarding the wolves in the river.

The Thunderhawk, Rayden, seemed to be enjoying itself. It grabbed wolves from the water, flew high into the air, and dropped them, killing them on impact and sometimes crushing other wolves below.

Despite their efforts, the river, combined with Slagor's swamp-dwelling forces, only managed to kill around 50,000 snow wolves.

Even after this battle, the wolf pack still numbered approximately 130,000, leaving Orion feeling slightly relieved but still under pressure.

Third Ambush Point

When Orion dismounted from the Thunderhawk and entered the third ambush point, the weight on his shoulders returned with full force.

"Chieftain, we've received intelligence from the east!"

Delilah approached, her expression anxious.

Orion narrowed his eyes and gestured for her to follow him into the temporary command tent.

Inside, Orion, Onyx, Thundar, Delilah, and Slagor—five Alpha-level powerhouses—sat at the head of the table.

Below them, the council elders—Earthshaker, Desdemona, Vespera, Rockwell, Dirtclaw, Slate, Samson, and Ursa—sat as observers.

Once everyone was seated, Orion nodded for Delilah to share the report.

"Chieftain, our scouts in the Barren Mountains have reported a large number of icefield snow monsters moving toward the Black Forest."

This was something Orion had already anticipated.

"What about the west?"

This was the critical question. If enemies from all three directions converged on the Black Forest, the combined forces would be overwhelming.

Even if Orion managed to win, it would be a pyrrhic victory, leaving the Stoneheart Horde crippled.

"So far, no new reports have come in."

"However, earlier reports mentioned that the western desert has been covered in a thick layer of snow and ice."

"There was also a female voice heard in the storm, calling out to Scorpion Queen Soraya."

Orion fell silent, deep in thought.

The tent grew heavy with tension as the others waited for him to speak.

Slagor, meanwhile, felt a sense of relief. He had always known that icefield monsters would eventually ravage his former territory.

"Good thing I left when I did. Otherwise, my tribe would've been wiped out!"

But as Slagor silently celebrated his foresight, he realized that several icy gazes were fixed on him.

It wasn't just Orion—every elder of the Stoneheart Horde was staring at him.

Their expressions were cold and unyielding, as if silently accusing him of bringing this calamity to their doorstep.

The Stoneheart Horde elders shared a common thought: the current predicament was largely caused by Slagor's inaction and his decision to redirect the threat toward the Black Forest.

Their cold, angry stares made Slagor feel deeply uncomfortable.

"Stop looking at me like that!" Slagor protested, his voice tinged with both frustration and defensiveness.

"If my tribe had stayed in the Poison Dragon Swamp, we'd have been doomed when the swamp froze over. We wouldn't even have had the chance to burrow into the marsh to hide!"

"Besides, at the second ambush point, we worked tirelessly to dig traps and fought just as hard against the icefield invaders."

"Our two forces working together is mutually beneficial—it's good for everyone!"

Slagor's tone was a mix of embarrassment and cunning. He played the victim card while also emphasizing the common enemy, managing to win some sympathy from a few of the elders.

Orion, however, wasn't particularly angry with Slagor. Instead, he was more interested in extracting useful information.

"Slagor, do you know what species invaded the Poison Dragon Swamp?"

Slagor nodded, his expression darkening as he recalled unpleasant memories. His voice grew heavy as he replied:

"If I'm not mistaken, the invaders were Frost Giants, who live in the icy mountains of the tundra."

"They're massive creatures. It's said that the largest among them can grow up to 300 feet tall, freezing everything in their path."

"Of course, that's just a legend. But Alpha-level Frost Giants are definitely over 100 feet tall."

"In addition to the Frost Giants, there are likely other icefield species, such as frost bulls and mountain snow apes, though their numbers are much smaller."

Slagor's tone betrayed his bitterness. If the invaders had been something like the icefield snow wolves, his tribe wouldn't have needed to migrate. They could have simply hidden in the swamp to avoid the worst of the invasion.

But the Frost Giants were a different story. Wherever they went, they brought freezing temperatures and ice, turning the swamp into a frozen wasteland. For swamp-dwelling species, they were the ultimate nemesis.

This was why, as soon as Slagor heard about the impending invasion last year, he had begun planning his migration.

The information Slagor provided about the eastern invaders caused the elders of the Stoneheart Horde to frown deeply.

"Slagor, have you fought them before?"

"How strong are they in battle?"

"Are their strongest warriors more powerful than our giants or obsidian golems?"

"..."

The elders bombarded Slagor with questions about the Frost Giants' combat capabilities.

Slagor remained silent, unwilling to answer each question individually.

"Enough. Quiet!"

Orion's voice cut through the noise, his commanding tone and icy gaze silencing the tent.

"The icefield monsters are undoubtedly strong," Orion began.

"But their strength is partially dependent on the environment."

"Furthermore, we have the advantage of terrain. We are not at a disadvantage."

Orion's words caused Slagor to glance at him with newfound respect.

"This guy may be small for a giant, but he's incredibly sharp," Slagor thought to himself.

He realized that Orion's words were carefully chosen. The elders' questions, if answered poorly, could have had a negative impact on morale.

If Slagor had downplayed the Frost Giants' strength, the elders might have grown overconfident and underestimated the enemy, leading to costly mistakes in battle.

Conversely, if he had exaggerated their power, it could have demoralized the Horde.

Orion's approach struck the perfect balance: acknowledging the enemy's strength while emphasizing their own advantages and the importance of preparation.

"Strengthen intelligence gathering in the Desert Oasis and Poison Dragon Swamp. If necessary, deploy the Sentinel Corps," Orion instructed, turning to Delilah.

Delilah nodded in agreement.

The Sentinel Corps, equipped with flying mounts, was one of the Horde's most valuable assets. Aside from the Thunderhawk, the Horde only had three other flying mounts, making them incredibly precious.

Normally, these mounts were only deployed in safe conditions. The fact that Orion was willing to risk them for reconnaissance showed how seriously he took the threats from the east and west.

"Thundar, Slagor, deploy your forces to build more defensive structures. Set as many traps and barricades as possible before the wolf pack arrives."

"Understood!"

"Got it!"

The meeting didn't last much longer. Everyone left with their assigned tasks.

The third ambush point was located at the mouth of a mountain pass.

Flanked by two large mountain ranges, the pass was a natural chokepoint. If the wolves tried to bypass it by climbing the mountains, they would expend significant energy and time.

This made the mountain pass the ideal location for an ambush.

Additionally, the pass was elevated, forcing the wolves to climb a slope to reach it. This slope was the perfect place to set traps and barricades, as well as the best position for the Horde to launch their ambush.

The wolves would have limited visibility as they approached, and any attempt to charge through the pass would come at a heavy cost.

Orion stood at the mouth of the pass, gazing northward, lost in thought.

Blackstone City – Underground Fissure

Rendall led his people as they delivered another batch of beast carcasses to the cave spiders' lair.

"Lorelia, I've brought all the supplies you requested!"

"Thank you. My newly hatched children are starving!"

Lorelia, accompanied by four massive cave spiders, emerged from the passage leading to the bottomless abyss, her expression one of satisfaction.

Rendall squinted as he studied the four giant spiders behind her. Each one was at the peak of hero level.

"Elder, aren't my four guards beautiful?" Lorelia asked, a hint of pride in her voice.

Thanks to the abundant resources provided by the Horde, she had selected the most promising cave spiders and nurtured them into her personal guards.

These guards, all at the peak of hero level, were even more formidable due to their beastly nature.

Of course, their potential was limited, and hero level was likely their ceiling.

"They're very impressive, both in appearance and strength," Rendall replied, nodding with approval.

He couldn't help but feel a sense of pride.

In the past, aside from Orion, only he and Clymene had reached hero level within the Horde.

Now, Lorelia had easily produced four peak hero-level cave spiders.

"Can more cave spiders like these be nurtured?" Rendall asked, his ambition showing. He genuinely hoped the Horde's strength would continue to grow, ideally without limit.

Lorelia shook her head, her expression tinged with regret.

"Not for now. Their development depends heavily on their innate potential."

Hearing this, Rendall felt a pang of disappointment but quickly brushed it aside.

"Have you completed the task Orion assigned to you?"

"Don't worry, Elder. The number of spiderlings Master requested has already been met!"

"That's good to hear."

"Elder, have I overproduced spiderlings? Is the Horde running low on resources because of me?"

"Don't worry about that. Keep hatching them. Leave the resource management to us!"

Chapter 192 War is cruel

Rendall's true purpose in visiting the underground fissure wasn't just to deliver supplies—it was to urge Lorelia to continue hatching more spiderlings.

"Our resources are still plentiful. Hatch as many spiderlings as you can. I'll keep sending you supplies!"

"It won't be long before the chieftain lures the invaders toward Blackstone City, and we'll need your forces to contribute."

The news of invaders approaching from the east had already reached Rendall.

Orion's orders were clear: Rendall was to fortify Blackstone City and hold the line until Orion returned.

After some thought, Rendall decided not to share the news of the invaders with Lorelia. He wanted her to focus entirely on hatching spiderlings without distraction.

"Don't worry, Elder. I'll keep hatching them!" Lorelia assured him.

Satisfied with her response, Rendall left the fissure with his people, returning to Blackstone City through the hidden passageways.

To the North – Abyssal Chasm

"Damn it! That filthy half-dragon!"

"That wretched bloodline... that disgusting Gareth!"

Lord Jorik, despite his own impure bloodline, was still a Glacial Dragon, a true member of the dragon race.

To him, Gareth, a mere half-dragon, was nothing but a lowly, tainted creature.

Gareth's defiance and stubbornness had blocked Jorik's path southward. Their first round of negotiations had ended in failure.

Like Lord Ariel, Gareth refused to let anyone claim her "backyard."

Jorik was furious, his temper boiling over. But as a gust of wind and snow swept past him, his expression turned cold. The emotions on his face vanished as if they had never existed.

"My lord, Gustalon has a report for you."

The wind and snow coalesced into Gustalon's form, his demeanor humble as he stood at a respectful distance.

"Speak."

Jorik didn't even glance at Gustalon, his icy gaze fixed on the abyss where Gareth resided.

"My lord, the Black Forest is home to a powerful giant chieftain. He is incredibly strong."

"He commands not only a flying mount, the Thunderhawk, but also a succubus skilled in illusions. Both are Alpha-level."

"In fact, I sensed at least five Alpha-level auras among his forces."

Gustalon's voice was cautious as he observed Jorik's reaction. The dragon lord's face remained expressionless, betraying no hint of emotion.

After a moment of hesitation, Gustalon continued.

"My lord, did you know? Among the icefield snow wolves, there were three Wolf Kings!"

"Unfortunately, two of them have already been slain by that giant chieftain."

At this, Jorik finally turned his head, his icy eyes locking onto Gustalon.

"You're saying two Wolf Kings were killed?"

"Yes, my lord. I saw it with my own eyes."

Silence.

A long, oppressive silence.

Jorik's heart burned with both anger and surprise.

He knew the truth about the icefield snow wolves: there was only ever one true Wolf King. The other two were phantom wolves, spectral guardians born from the Wolf King's essence.

These phantom wolves were unique. They shared the Wolf King's appearance and could merge with its body, lying in wait to ambush unsuspecting enemies.

This secret was one of the reasons Jorik had been confident in sending the Wolf King southward.

But he hadn't anticipated the presence of such a formidable giant chieftain in the Black Forest.

"Gustalon, recount the battle in detail."

Gustalon dared not disobey. He described everything he had witnessed at the first ambush point, sparing no detail. He even recounted his own encounter with Orion, emphasizing the giant's strength.

After a long pause, snow began to fall from the sky.

"Gustalon, deliver a message to Lumi and Chillrend. Tell them to redirect their forces toward the Black Forest."

"I want the Black Forest plundered completely."

Gustalon's eyes lit up with excitement.

"As you command, my lord!"

"Go."

With his orders received, Gustalon transformed into a gust of wind and sped westward toward the desert.

Black Forest – Third Ambush Point

The third ambush point was also the final one.

Originally, the Stoneheart Horde had planned for five ambush points.

The idea was that by the time the wolves reached the fifth point, their numbers would have been reduced by at least half, even if they started with 200,000.

However, the news of invaders approaching from the east had disrupted Orion's plans.

After consulting with the senior elders, the Horde decided to abandon the final two ambush points.

Delaying too long to deal with the wolves could leave Blackstone City vulnerable to a two-pronged attack.

Instead, they resolved to make their final stand at the third ambush point before retreating to Blackstone City.

With the city's walls as their stronghold, the Horde could minimize casualties among their bloodline warriors.

Not long after this decision was made, the wolf pack launched its assault.

Orion and Delilah stood atop the Thunderhawk, circling above the battlefield.

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Their presence served as a deterrent, keeping watch for any sudden appearance by Gustalon.

With Orion and Delilah providing overwatch, the Horde's bloodline warriors fought with confidence, unleashing their full strength against the wolves charging up the mountain pass.

Whoosh... Whoosh...

Thwack... Thwack...

Boom... Boom...

The battlefield was a chaotic spectacle.

Bolts rained down like a storm, while boulders crashed into the wolves like falling meteors, leaving trails of carnage in their wake.

When the first wave of snow wolves clashed with the bloodline warriors, the air was filled with the sounds of battle: the warriors' roars, the wolves' howls, and the clash of steel against flesh.

The mountain pass became a scene of pure carnage.

At the previous ambush points, the Horde had fought from a distance, using ravines and rivers to their advantage.

But here, the wolves had closed the gap. The bravest among them were now locked in close combat with the Horde's warriors.

Standing on the Thunderhawk, Orion silently observed the battlefield. The sight of blood and bodies strewn across the pass stirred something within him.

"War is cruel. The rise of a great power is always accompanied by countless sacrifices."

Delilah, standing beside him, gazed at his back, puzzled by his somber tone.

"My dear Orion, for the Horde to survive, you mustn't let compassion cloud your judgment."

Orion shook his head and glanced back at her.

"Compassion? That doesn't exist for me."

"From the moment I first saw this world, I was prepared to face storms, blood, and death..."

His voice was calm, but his words carried the weight of conviction.

Delilah smiled faintly, her admiration for Orion growing even stronger.

Chapter 193 That's exactly the feeling I love

The battle at the third ambush point raged on.

With the Wolf King commanding the pack, the icefield snow wolves were a terrifying force.

Though their attacks weren't disciplined or coordinated like a trained army, their relentless, fearless charges were awe-inspiring.

The wolves were especially dangerous when working together, their pack instincts making them formidable opponents.

As a result, the Stoneheart Horde's bloodline warriors began to suffer casualties.

"Orion, can't we capture some of these icefield snow wolves and tame them?"

Delilah's voice carried a spark of excitement as she stood beside Orion on the Thunderhawk.

"Just like your four Frost Wolves, we could have more of our warriors tame them!"

"These icefield snow wolves are massive—they'd make excellent mounts for our warriors!"

"If we succeed in taming them, our warriors would become much stronger!" Read exclusive adventures at [empire](#)

"With these wolves, we could increase the mobility and combat power of our bloodline warriors!"

"And..."

Delilah's enthusiasm grew as she spoke, her imagination running wild with visions of the Horde fielding an army of wolf-mounted warriors.

Orion didn't respond immediately. He was deep in thought.

From the moment he first saw the icefield snow wolves during his reconnaissance mission to the Abyssal Chasm, the idea of creating wolf cavalry had crossed his mind.

The concept of a wolf-mounted unit had been in Orion's plans for some time, but the opportunity to act on it hadn't yet presented itself.

"There hasn't been a good chance to capture them," Orion finally said.

"And even if we manage to capture some, who will train them?"

"Do we even have anyone in the Horde capable of taming icefield snow wolves?"

Orion's questions weren't just directed at Delilah—they were questions he was asking himself.

Ever since Onyx gifted him four Frost Wolves, Orion had been planning to create a wolf-mounted unit.

However, the Frost Wolves grew slowly. Even now, they hadn't fully matured, let alone produced offspring.

With only four Frost Wolves, it would take decades to build a proper wolf cavalry unit.

The appearance of the icefield snow wolves, however, gave Orion hope.

But the lack of tamers within the Horde was a significant obstacle.

Orion had already taken steps to address this issue. He had tasked his four guards—Dace, Otho, Beyn, and Torba—with raising the Frost Wolves from a young age, hoping to cultivate both tamers and future leaders for the wolf cavalry.

Delilah fell silent, realizing that the Horde truly lacked the expertise to tame the wolves.

If they had to rely on existing talent, the best candidates would be Elan from the Skytalon Tribe and Orion's four guards.

"So, are we just going to give up?" Delilah asked, her tone tinged with frustration.

"These icefield snow wolves would make such incredible mounts, and we're letting the opportunity slip away?"

"Let's wait and see," Orion replied.

"Once we've dealt with the invaders, we can revisit this idea."

Orion's response was pragmatic. Until he had a clear understanding of the enemy forces approaching from the Poison Dragon Swamp and the Desert Oasis, he couldn't afford to take risks.

For now, the priority was to kill as many icefield snow wolves as possible. Reducing the enemy's numbers was the best way to preserve the Horde's strength.

Besides, Orion had already thought of a better solution: enslaving the Wolf King.

If he could enslave the Wolf King, he would gain control over the entire pack.

Taking shortcuts like this was something Orion was more than willing to do.

As Orion and Delilah discussed the wolf cavalry, the battle below reached a fever pitch.

Large numbers of icefield snow wolves had broken through the trap zones and were now engaged in close combat with the bloodline warriors.

"Orion, the supplies at the third ambush point are depleted. It's time to order the retreat!"

Delilah's voice snapped Orion out of his thoughts as the sound of a horn echoed from the mountain pass.

"Alright, give the retreat order!"

"Have Onyx, Thundar, Slagor, and the eight council elders cover the rear with a portion of the cannon fodder troops."

As Orion spoke, he guided the Thunderhawk to the edge of the pass, dropping Delilah off so she could oversee the retreat.

Then, he directed the Thunderhawk toward the densest part of the wolf pack on the slope.

The Thunderhawk unleashed bolts of lightning as Orion hurled his trident from above, raining destruction on the wolves like a bomber.

As he swept through the battlefield, Orion kept an eye out for Gustalon.

The wind elemental's presence was a constant threat, and Orion couldn't afford to let his guard down.

With the battle nearing its conclusion, Orion was determined to ensure there were no last-minute surprises.

Orion, Onyx, Thundar, and Slagor, along with a group of elite bloodline warriors, spread out to hold the mountain pass, buying time for the rest of the Horde to retreat.

At one point, Orion summoned the Abyssal Dragon.

Roar!

The dragon's appearance sent a wave of fear through the wolves. Its massive body tore through the pack, slowing their advance significantly.

The stalemate continued for half a day.

Once the senior elders had safely retreated, the Abyssal Dragon dissolved into a red light and returned to Orion's heart.

With that, the battle at the third ambush point came to an end.

To the West – Desert

When Gustalon entered the desert and disturbed the icy snow covering the dunes, Lumi immediately sensed his presence.

With nothing else to do, Lumi decided to head north and meet Gustalon halfway.

"Gustalon, this is my territory!"

The moment Lumi saw Gustalon, she made her stance clear.

This desert was her domain, the area she had been assigned to invade.

"Lumi, my friend, I have no intention of competing with you for territory!"

"I am the wind, free and unbound. I don't stay in one place!"

As he spoke, Gustalon whipped up a playful breeze, scattering the snowflakes around him like a mischievous child.

His words put Lumi at ease.

As fellow elemental beings, Lumi felt a natural affinity for Gustalon.

"Lumi, your ice and snow are beautiful, but they're so cold!"

"I like them, but I prefer something warmer."

"Like flowers—I love scattering petals through the air..."

Lumi raised her delicate hand and snapped her fingers.

In an instant, the falling snow transformed into crystalline flowers, drifting gracefully on the wind.

"Ahahaha! That's exactly the feeling I love!" Gustalon exclaimed, his voice filled with childlike joy.

Chapter 194 I want to make love to you all night

After playing for a long time, Gustalon finally grew tired.

He materialized from the wind, his translucent form standing before Lumi.

"Lumi, white is so monotonous!"

Around him, snowflakes swirled within a small tornado. He clearly enjoyed the environment she had created.

"You didn't come here to fight over territory, so you must be carrying orders from the Lord," Lumi said, her tone calm but curious.

"Haha... Lumi, the Lord has ordered you to redirect your invasion toward the Black Forest. There's a big, fat sheep waiting there!"

Gustalon chuckled as he toyed with the snowflakes, casually delivering Lord Jorik's command.

Lumi didn't immediately agree. She liked the desert she had claimed. Though it was a bit monotonous, she found the solitude comforting.

"Lumi, the Black Forest has far richer resources. It's full of vibrant colors!"

Gustalon wasn't trying to manipulate her—he genuinely believed the Black Forest was more beautiful.

"Lumi, I've delivered the Lord's orders. It's up to you to decide."

"I still need to find the Frost Giants. They're also being redirected to invade the Black Forest. I'll be off now!"

With that, Gustalon transformed into a whirlwind of snow and wind, speeding off toward the Black Forest.

He decided to cut directly through the forest to deliver the orders to the Frost Giants as quickly as possible.

As the sound of the wind faded, silence returned to the desert.

Lumi reached out and caught a falling snowflake in her hand.

"Is this place really so monotonous?"

"I don't think so."

"Is the Black Forest truly more beautiful?"

"Should I obey the Lord's orders?"

Lumi hesitated, reluctant to leave the desert she had just claimed.

After a long pause, a soft sigh escaped through the icy air.

"Well, I have nothing better to do. I'll go take a look and come back later."

Blackstone City – Chieftain's Tent

After escorting the warriors to safety, Orion returned to the Horde ahead of the main force.

Inside the chieftain's tent, Rendall, Lilith, and Lorelia sat around him, listening intently as Orion recounted the ambush battles.

"The results of the three ambush points were significant. The 200,000-strong icefield snow wolf pack has been reduced by half."

"However, the number of enemies approaching from the east is still unknown, and we've yet to receive any updates from the west."

"Regardless, we must prepare for the worst."

After summarizing the key points of the ambush, Orion turned his attention to Lorelia.

"Lorelia, how many spiderlings have you hatched?"

Lorelia grinned proudly, her face glowing with satisfaction.

"Master, my children now number 110,000!"

Orion had originally tasked Lorelia with hatching 100,000 spiderlings. She had exceeded the target and now wore an expression that practically begged for praise.

Orion smiled approvingly and nodded.

"However... most of my children are newly hatched. Their strength is nowhere near that of the icefield snow wolves."

Lorelia's confidence wavered as she noticed Orion's smile. She felt a bit embarrassed, knowing that her spiderlings were still relatively weak.

Most of the spiderlings she had hatched were at the elite level, with only a handful reaching hero level.

Orion, however, showed no disappointment. He had anticipated this outcome.

"That's fine. During the battle, have them cover the city walls with spider silk and set up webs to assist the Horde's bloodline warriors."

Hearing that Lorelia had hatched 110,000 spiderlings gave Orion a newfound sense of confidence.

"Master, the Horde's resources are almost completely depleted!"

Lorelia's voice grew quieter as she spoke, until it was barely audible.

Over the past few months, Rendall had been delivering supplies to the underground fissure. From the quantity and quality of the materials, Lorelia could tell that the Horde's resources were running low.

This worried her greatly. If the supplies ran out, her spiderlings would go hungry, and she would have to stop hatching new ones.

The Horde's growth would come to a halt.

The Stoneheart Horde had amassed an astronomical amount of resources over the past two years. Through relentless hunting of beasts and dark creatures, they had stockpiled a vast reserve.

But in just a few months, Lorelia had burned through it all.

Hatching 110,000 spiderlings was simple enough, but the resources they consumed were staggering.

Hearing this, Orion couldn't help but take a sharp breath.

Too fast!

The rate at which the spiderlings consumed resources was terrifying. Orion began to wonder if the Horde could even afford to sustain them.

"Are we out of food as well?" Orion asked, turning to Lilith.

Lilith shook her head, then nodded, prompting a confused look from Orion. Before he could ask, she explained.

"We still have some beast meat left, but it's reserved for the Horde members' daily consumption."

"Aside from that, all the beast and dark creature carcasses we had in storage have been used up."

"The grain stored in the caves hasn't been touched—it's still plentiful."

"Lorelia's children don't eat grain. They only eat meat, which helps them grow stronger."

Orion let out a sigh of relief. For a moment, he had feared that even their grain reserves were gone.

It turned out that only the meat supplies had been depleted.

"Resources won't be an issue for long. The wolf pack will soon reach Blackstone City, and they'll be bringing us a feast."

"Those icefield snow wolves will be food for your children."

Orion's words made Lorelia's eyes light up.

With 100,000 icefield snow wolves on the way, the Horde wouldn't have to worry about resources for the foreseeable future.

The thought of such a massive supply of food made Lorelia's crimson eyes glow even brighter.
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"Elder Rendall, how are the defenses at Blackstone City?"

Shifting his focus, Orion turned to another critical matter.

"The plains outside the city have been filled with traps, and we've placed sharp stakes in them."

"The city walls have been reinforced with a row of barricades to ensure no invaders leave alive."

"Chietain Orion, to produce enough bolts and throwing weapons, we've had to cut down all the large trees in the surrounding area. Will this affect our strategic advantage?"

Orion shook his head. The loss of a few trees was insignificant.

In the future, as Blackstone City continued to grow, the surrounding forests would inevitably be cleared.

"What about Slagor's people?"

"I've placed them in the cannon fodder troops' camp, with a team of bloodline warriors guarding them. They're not allowed to leave the camp."

Orion nodded, satisfied with the arrangement. He couldn't allow Slagor's tribe to disrupt the lives of the Horde's original residents.

After handling these matters, Orion and Lilith returned together to their tent. It had been a while since Orion and Lilith had seen each other, and as soon as they entered the tent, Lilith couldn't wait to embrace Orion's body with both arms.

Orion naturally extended his hand into Lilith's panties, and Lilith didn't resist at all. Instead, she adjusted her posture, allowing Orion to freely caress her clitoris.

Soon, Lilith's vagina became moist under Orion's touch, and her panties were nearly soaked. Lilith's body continued to twist and turn, her breasts constantly rubbing against Orion's body as she seductively said, "Darling, I want to make love to you all night tonight."

After a swirl of dark mist, Lilith's clothes disappeared, replaced by a set of highly seductive lingerie. These garments didn't belong to this world; Lilith had conjured them based on the styles Orion had once described to her.

With the alluring lingerie accentuating her figure, Lilith's sensual curves paired with black stockings highlighted her long, beautiful legs, and her sexy torso was incredibly enticing.

Orion gazed at Lilith's highly seductive body, his cock becoming erect, pressing directly against her breasts.

Lilith brought his breasts together with her hands, massaging Orion's cock with her own breasts. Although this stimulation wasn't as intense as actual intercourse, it provided a unique sensation. Lilith was very enthusiastic; it had been some time since she last saw Orion, and she wanted to use her body to please the man she loved most.

As Lilith used her breasts to perform titty fucking on Orion, she guided him toward their sleeping area with the fur blanket. Violet and Lysinthia weren't inside the tent, likely off doing something else, which made Lilith's demeanor even more relaxed.

She lay directly on the fur blanket, slightly spreading her legs, and began to gently caress her clitoris with her hands. Orion didn't like to dawdle; gripping his large cock, he directly inserted it into Lilith's tender pussy.

"Ah... ah..." Lilith gazed at Orion with loving eyes, fully enjoying the thrusting of his large cock inside her tender entrance.

Orion's big and thick cock continued to thrust against Lilith's vulva, causing her to moan repeatedly, "Oh yes... don't stop... darling, fuck me hard... ah..." The climax made Lilith moan ecstatically.

Orion's cock quickly plunged in, Lilith's labia fluttered outward with each thrust. Orion's movements were no longer gentle; each insertion pushed deep into Lilith's vagina.

Lilith tilted her head back, wildly and lasciviously shouting, "Ah... ah... ah... fuck me... darling... please fuck me hard, I'm enjoying it..."

Only the sounds of flesh colliding remained inside the tent, and the air was thick with a lascivious atmosphere.

"Ah... don't stop... I'm cumming... ah..." Pleasure overwhelmed Lilith, causing her to cry out frantically.

At this moment, Lilith let out a moan of climax, and Orion paused, holding her in his arms. He asked, "Baby, are you okay?"

Lilith smiled at Orion, initiated a tongue kiss, and said, "Darling, tonight I am your slut. I want to make love to you all night. Please keep fucking me... I can handle it."

Chapter 195 Master-level Beast Taming Skill

Orion fulfilled Lilith's desires, making love to her all night long until the early hours of dawn. By the time they were done, Lilith was completely conquered by Orion's cock. She lay there, panting, her massive breasts rising and falling with each breath.

When Lilith was sound asleep, Orion lay on the blanket with his eyes closed. He didn't rest, though; instead, he browsed the Survivor Platform.

Orion initiated a trade with Aerin, purchasing a new batch of Pet Pills.

With Orion's plans unfolding, whether it was the cave spider colonies or the future icefield snow wolf mounts, the demand for Pet Pills was enormous.

Although the chances of a beast evolving with Pet Pills were slim, Orion believed that with enough beasts using them, there would eventually be a lucky breakthrough.

"Hey, elf, you've made quite a bit of resources off me. Can't you upgrade your Pet Pills a little?"

Orion sent Aerin a message, hoping she could improve the quality of her product.

"Just wait a bit longer. My alchemy skills are about to level up. Once they do, not only will the quality of Pet Pills improve, but I'll also be able to craft new alchemical potions!"

Aerin quickly replied, her message brimming with excitement and anticipation.

"I've got a few high-tier magical plants I want to keep alive. Got any tips for that?"

Orion asked this question tentatively.

While Violet from the Garland Tribe was skilled at cultivating magical plants, the horde currently lacked the necessary materials. Growing something like a Blood Mushroom wasn't just a matter of talking about it—it required resources and time.

Similarly, Elan from the Skytalon Tribe, who specialized in taming flying beasts, also relied heavily on high-tier magical plants.

Some things couldn't simply be delegated; they required tangible resources to make them happen.

"Use water from the Moonwell, of course! Moonwell water not only restores magic but also aids plant growth. It's incredibly effective."

Orion read Aerin's reply, and a smile spread across his face.

"Aerin, just tell me—how much for a barrel of Moonwell water?"

In a treehouse deep within the Elven Forest, Aerin clenched her tiny fists, looking absolutely delighted.

But when she saw Orion's reply, she nearly jumped off her wooden bed.

"A barrel? Are you kidding me? Do you think Moonwell water is some kind of mountain spring?"

Aerin was speechless.

As a mid-tier elf, Aerin was allocated only three small bottles of Moonwell water per month. (She had recently advanced from a low-tier elf to a mid-tier one, gaining both strength and status.)

Each bottle of Moonwell water had to be diluted with regular water before Aerin dared to use it.

The Wood Elf Tribe had only one Moonwell, and the amount of water it produced each month was fixed. If not for her recent promotion, Aerin wouldn't even have access to pure Moonwell water.

"One bottle of Moonwell water for one B-grade crystal core. And I can only provide one bottle per month!"

In Blackstone City, inside the chieftain's tent, Orion saw Aerin's price and couldn't help but sigh, "That's expensive."

"Fine!"

Just as Orion was about to initiate the trade, Aerin sent him a frustrating update.

"Not this month. The Moonwell water is all used up. You'll have to wait until next month!"

Orion shook his head, feeling a bit disappointed, and decided to stop bothering Aerin for now.

Next, Orion sent a message to Arthas for help.

"Bro, do you have any tools or skills for taming beasts for sale?"

Unconsciously, Orion's way of addressing Arthas had shifted from "old friend" to "bro."

He figured calling him "bro" would make their relationship feel closer.

"No taming tools!"

"But I've got a ton of summoning tools for skeletons and bone monsters. Want some?"

Seeing this reply, Orion felt even more frustrated. Arthas was clearly joking.

"Be serious. I'm in desperate need of taming tools!"

"Alright, hold on. Let me check my collection."

In the Necro Realm, atop the Bone Throne, Arthas didn't actually bother looking through his collection. He knew full well that he didn't have any taming tools.

The Necro Realm didn't have beasts to tame, so he never bothered accumulating such items—it would've been a waste of resources.

"Taming tools, huh? That Beast King guy probably has a ton of them. Should I grab some from him for Hulk?"

Arthas didn't have any taming tools himself, but he knew someone in his network who did.

Now, Arthas was weighing whether Orion was worth the effort of reaching out to that person.

After a long moment of consideration, Arthas muttered to himself, "Fine. That Hulk guy already has the Lord's Stone. He's bound to reach Legendary level sooner or later. I'll just consider this an investment in a future favor."

Arthas opened a private channel on his interface and sent a message.

"Beast King Leonidas, I need some taming tools."

After a long pause, a survivor named Leonidas replied in the channel.

"Taming tools? What do you need those for?"

"Your Necro Realm is full of skeletons and zombies. Did you finally leave?"

Leonidas bombarded him with questions, his curiosity relentless. Arthas's skeletal jaw clicked in irritation, producing a series of rattling sounds.

"No, I didn't leave. It's for a new friend."

"A new friend?"

"Yeah, someone who went from elite-level to Alpha-level in just two years."

"Two years? That's decent, but not exactly groundbreaking for people like us, is it?"

Leonidas's incessant questioning and nitpicking were starting to get on Arthas's nerves. Still, he patiently explained.

"My new friend has potential. He already bought the Lord's Stone from me."

As soon as Arthas sent this message, the private channel erupted with activity.

Three previously silent "big shots" suddenly chimed in, asking questions.

"Arthas, are you giving us a heads-up? Are you planning to recruit him into our alliance once he reaches Legendary level?"

"Arthas, how long until your friend hits Legendary level?"

"It's been years since we've had a new recruit. Finally!"

Arthas ignored these messages, waiting instead for Leonidas's response.

However, Leonidas didn't say another word in the channel.

A moment later, Leonidas initiated a trade with Arthas.

"Here, take these. Consider it a gift. Just make sure your new friend owes me a favor!"

Leonidas sent over a scroll, three collars, and three thousand small bells.

Arthas accepted the trade without giving much thought to the favor Leonidas mentioned. To him, it didn't matter—once Hulk advanced to Legendary level, he could handle that debt himself.

Arthas glanced at the items Leonidas had sent over and was quite satisfied.

The scroll was a Master-level Beast Taming Skill Scroll, a rare and valuable resource. The favor Leonidas had extended was no small one.

The three collars were Beast Taming Collars, capable of taming Alpha-level beasts.

The three thousand small bells were tools for taming Hero-level beasts.

This was a mid-tier setup, more than sufficient for a survivor at the Alpha level.

Arthas initiated a trade with Orion, transferring all the items to him.

"1,000 B-grade crystal cores, 5,000 C-grade crystal cores, and 10,000 D-grade crystal cores. Not a single one less!"

This was the message Arthas sent after completing the trade.

Orion stared at the message, momentarily stunned.

"Isn't that way too many crystal cores?"

Arthas's reply came quickly and was blunt.

"Look at the items first, then talk to me."

At Arthas's insistence, Orion shifted his attention to the traded items.

[Master-level Beast Taming Skill Scroll]

- Type: Professional Scroll (Rare)

- Quality: Alpha

- Description: This is a world filled with love and understanding. Every beast tamer should treat their beasts as partners, caring for them as if they were their own children.

- Special Note: Tearing the scroll grants a unique mental connection skill, applicable to all beasts.

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After reading the detailed description of the scroll, Orion couldn't take his eyes off it. His breathing grew rapid, and it took him a while to calm down.

Next, he examined the three collars and the three thousand small bells.

Seeing these items, Orion's breathing, which had just steadied, became erratic once again.

"Orion, my dear, what's wrong?"

Lilith had opened her eyes the first time Orion's breathing changed, but since he calmed down quickly, she hadn't asked.

Now that his breathing had become labored again, Lilith, concerned, couldn't help but inquire.

Orion opened his eyes and saw Lilith's worried expression. He pulled her into his arms.

"It's nothing. I was just trying to train a bit, to see if I could make myself stronger."

Lilith believed his explanation completely.

After all, among all the Alpha-level warriors in the Stoneheart Horde, Orion was the strongest.

Sometimes, Lilith even thought Orion might one day reach the level of someone like Gareth.

Once Lilith closed her eyes again, Orion took the opportunity to reply to Arthas and sent over part of the required crystal cores.

"Here's the first batch of crystal cores. I'll owe you the rest for now."

"Fine!"

Arthas was straightforward. He knew Orion likely didn't have many crystal cores left.

The ones Orion had traded were probably part of the gifts Slagor had brought when his tribe migrated to Blackstone Forest.

"Such a shame. If only we'd extracted the crystal cores from those icefield snow wolves we killed earlier!"

With his crystal cores depleted once again, Orion was reminded of how valuable they were to survivors.

Necro Realm, Bone Throne

Arthas crushed a B-grade crystal core between his teeth and swallowed it. It crunched satisfyingly.

"Not bad. The magic is quite potent!"

Truthfully, Arthas hadn't expected Orion to come up with so many crystal cores.

Sometimes, Arthas thought of Orion as a treasure trove.

The reason Arthas had used Leonidas's favor to demand so many crystal cores from Orion was part of his own philosophy: nothing comes for free.

By demanding crystal cores, Arthas not only benefited himself but also pushed Orion to grow stronger, forcing him to improve.

Of course, the favor owed to Leonidas would have to be repaid by Orion himself once he reached Legendary level.

If Orion failed to advance, well, then he wouldn't even qualify to repay the favor.

The crystal cores Arthas demanded were simply the price Orion had to pay for those tools.

This was Arthas's way of doing things—his principle.

A Few Days Later

The Stoneheart Horde's main forces finally reunited with Slagor's group, safely arriving at Blackstone City.

Inside the chieftain's tent, four senior elders, two Wardens, and eight council elders gathered.

Excluding the Thunderhawk and the Abyss Dragon, all seven of the Stoneheart Horde's Alpha-level warriors were present at the meeting.

Slagor and Gronthar, who stood behind Onyx, were both visibly shaken.

Gronthar, in particular, was overwhelmed. Including Slagor, the eight faint but oppressive Alpha-level auras in the room made him tremble uncontrollably, swallowing hard.

"By the ancestors!"

"When did Blackstone Forest become this terrifying?"

Slagor's gaze swept over the newly introduced Lilith and Lorelia. While shocked, he couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

This scene wasn't entirely unexpected for Slagor.

Ever since the Myriad Races Invasion, when he saw Onyx and Rendall standing by Orion's side, Slagor had realized that Orion could use this foundation to create a snowball effect.

At times, Slagor had considered taking a gamble himself—killing an Alpha-level warrior or beast to help one of his tribesmen ascend to Alpha level and start his own snowball effect.

But Slagor had too many concerns.

First, he was afraid of dying. If he died, the lizardmen living in the swamp would undoubtedly be wiped out by other races.

Second, most of the Alpha-level enemies Slagor encountered were natural counters to him, making it nearly impossible to kill them.

Lastly, the lizardmen were fundamentally different from the Stoneheart Horde.

The Stoneheart Horde's current strength was entirely due to Orion.

More specifically, it was due to the Titan bloodline within Orion.

Thanks to the Titan bloodline, Orion had gained the Titan's Heart and Titan's Rage skill, which provided him with massive attribute advantages.

Everything the Stoneheart Horde had now was built on the foundation of Titan bloodline, which allowed Orion to snowball his power.

Because of this, Orion held unparalleled prestige within the horde.

"Thundar, Slagor, assign your bloodline warriors to join the team building defensive fortifications."

"The icefield snow wolf pack will reach Blackstone City in about a day. That's more than enough time for us to set up plenty of traps!"

Orion swept his gaze across the room, his expression stern as he issued orders.

Thundar, being one of Orion's subordinates, immediately stood and saluted, accepting the task.

Slagor, however, felt a bit awkward. He wasn't part of the Stoneheart Horde.

But under the watchful eyes of the horde's powerful warriors, he had no choice but to stand and accept the task.

Slagor felt stifled, but at this point, he had no other options.

Chapter 196 We meet again, mighty giant

In the western desert, deep within an underground palace, Soraya sat with a frown. The cup of fresh blood in her hand had congealed into jelly, untouched.

"High Priestess, is the intel reliable?" she asked.

"Your Majesty, the information came from the fire scorpions. They broke through the ice layers and brought it back," replied High Priestess Selenis.

Soraya fell silent. The fire scorpions were mutated creatures, but their loyalty to the queen was absolute. After a long pause, Soraya murmured softly to herself.

"The ice is melting, and the snow is moving eastward. That means Lumi has gone to Black Forest."

"What exactly is happening in Black Forest? Could it be that the giant defeated the invaders there? Is Lumi going to assist them?"

Soraya's thoughts were restless, unable to piece together the key details of the situation. The uncertainty made her uneasy.

"Your Majesty, isn't this a good thing?" Jarex chimed in. "With Lumi gone from the desert, this place is ours again!"

Soraya shot Jarex a cold glance, clearly unimpressed by his lack of insight.

"Your Majesty, I suggest we send more scorpions into Black Forest to gather intelligence," Selenis proposed. The High Priestess, known for her cunning and ability to read people, offered a suggestion that was far more reasonable.

"High Priestess, I'll leave this matter to you," Soraya said. She understood the importance of mutual survival, but trespassing into a neighbor's territory was not exactly a noble act.

Black Forest, 30 Miles from Blackstone City

A massive gathering of icefield snow wolves and snow monsters had formed, with a blizzard raging around them.

Four Alpha-level warriors—Wolf King, Chillrend, Lumi, and Gustalon—stood together, gazing in the direction of Blackstone City.

"The walls of Blackstone City are high. How do we breach them?" Wolf King asked, his voice calm but direct. "And there are many Alpha-level warriors inside the city. Their numbers are at least double ours."

Despite his wolfish appearance, Wolf King spoke with a human voice, creating a strange sense of dissonance.

"Siege tactics are your problem," Gustalon said with a sly grin. "I'll keep the giant chieftain and the thunderhawk occupied."

Gustalon was a strategist. He understood his own strengths and the threat he posed to the Stoneheart Horde. He knew Orion and the thunderhawk would focus their attention on him.

"Lumi, there's a succubus in the city who specializes in illusions. When the time comes, we'll need your help to counter her," Gustalon said, stepping closer to Lumi with a friendly smile.

Suspended in the swirling snow, Lumi's crystalline hair and flowing white skirts danced in the wind. Her presence was ethereal, cold, and otherworldly.

"Understood," Lumi replied, her voice as icy as the snow around her.

Hearing her agreement, Gustalon, Wolf King, and Chillrend all felt a sense of reassurance.

"The main assault will be handled by the icefield snow wolves and the snow monsters," Wolf King declared. "But before that, Lumi, you'll need to launch a feint attack."

Wolf King, acting as the temporary commander for the siege, stepped forward to outline the plan.

"Understood," Lumi said again, her tone unwavering. She was intrigued by Blackstone City. It was far better than the desert, and the thought of turning it into an ice palace was appealing to her.

"Good. Let's proceed with the next steps..."

Blackstone City, South Gate Wall

Orion stood atop the city wall, gazing into the distant horizon.

The news of invaders from both the east and west joining forces with the icefield snow wolves had reached him three days ago, brought back by the Sentinel Corps under Delilah's control.

The sheer number of icefield snow monsters, estimated at over 100,000, combined with an unrelenting blizzard, left Orion uneasy.

In truth, the 100,000 snow monsters didn't concern him much. What he couldn't figure out was the blizzard that had traveled all the way from the desert to Black Forest.

"A blizzard from the desert... Do you know anything about it?" Orion asked.

Slagor, standing not far from him on the wall, shook his head. "No, but I do know a bit about Chillrend." Enjoy more content from empire

"Chillrend's father, a Frost Giant, was an Alpha-level warrior who was killed centuries ago by the chieftain of the trolls," Slagor explained. "That victory is why the trolls have never fully submitted to me."

Orion didn't press further. The trolls had already chosen to submit, and he saw no need to dig into old wounds.

The news of the invaders uniting had put the entire Stoneheart Horde on edge over the past few days.

"Maybe I should take the thunderhawk and head out..." Orion began, but his words were cut short as snow began to fall from the sky, accompanied by a biting wind.

Orion frowned, tilting his head to look up. The sudden storm was clearly unnatural.

"Could this be Gustalon's doing? Or is it the blizzard from the desert?"

The strange weather only deepened Orion's unease.

"Delilah, organize the tribe to clear the snow from Blackstone City's streets, especially the main roads," Orion ordered. He didn't know the true purpose of the storm, but he could only respond in ways that would benefit his side.

The blizzard raged on for three days without pause. Despite Delilah's efforts to organize snow-clearing teams, parts of Blackstone City were still buried under thick layers of snow.

The Third Morning

The storm continued unabated. Orion, having eaten and rested, emerged from his tent to see Rolan training outside.

As Orion finished feeding his four Frost Wolves, a faceless snowling crept out of a snowdrift near Rolan, preparing to strike.

Thwack!

A trident flew through the air, shattering the snowling into icy shards.

"Enemy attack!" Orion's deep, commanding voice echoed across the city as he eliminated the snowling.

At the same time, snowlings began emerging from every snow-covered corner of Blackstone City, launching surprise attacks.

The unprepared Stoneheart Horde fell into chaos.

Woo-woo-woo!

The city's alarm bells rang out, signaling the attack.

Outside Blackstone City, the Frost Giant led the charge, with the icefield snow wolves following close behind, rushing toward the city walls.

Orion whistled sharply, summoning the thunderhawk from its perch on the mountain.

He grabbed Rolan and tossed him into his tent.

"Keep this child safe. Don't let him leave the tent!" Orion ordered.

With that, Orion leapt onto the thunderhawk's back.

"Lilith!"

At his call, Lilith emerged from her tent with agile grace, joining him on the thunderhawk's back.

As the thunderhawk soared into the sky, the entire battlefield came into view.

Inside the city, wherever there was snow, countless snowlings emerged one after another from the drifts, throwing the entire area into chaos.

Outside the city, a stampede of beasts surged forward with overwhelming momentum—the invaders had launched their full-scale assault.

The situation near the underground fissure, however, was slightly better.

The newly emerged snowlings were immediately swarmed by countless cave spiders, torn into shreds in mere moments.

Fortunately, the chaos was mostly confined to the residential areas within the city.

Moreover, Delilah, who was in charge of logistics, had already led the Sentinel Corps and the city's guard units to begin clearing out the snowlings.

The clansfolk responsible for clearing snow had also been ordered to retreat to their stone houses or tents.

After assessing the situation, Orion finally let out a sigh of relief.

Soon, the thunderhawk arrived outside the city.

On the walls of Blackstone City, more snowlings appeared. However, the bloodline warriors patrolling the walls were ever vigilant. The moment a snowling emerged, it was swiftly killed.

It was these bloodline warriors who had sounded the alarm.

The real problem, however, was that the snowlings seemed endless, constantly crawling out of the snow.

As a result, the chaos on the walls had yet to be fully brought under control.

All in all, the situation wasn't as dire as Orion had initially feared before the attack began.

Additionally, the elders of the horde had quickly taken their positions and were already clearing their assigned areas.

Awoooo... Awoooo...

In the distance, the howls of wolves echoed continuously, signaling that the invaders were drawing closer to Blackstone City.

The thunderhawk dove down, and as it neared the ground, a flash of blood-red light erupted. The massive form of the abyssal dragon appeared outside the city.

Seeing the abyssal dragon, Thundar let out a deep sigh of relief.

During the previous council meeting, Thundar had been assigned the task of assisting in killing the Wolf King.

Of course, Thundar was only playing a supporting role—the main force was the abyssal dragon.

The appearance of the abyssal dragon greatly boosted Thundar's confidence as he prepared to face an Alpha-level opponent for the first time.

Not far away, Onyx and Slagor, who were also standing on the city walls, remained much calmer.

Onyx and Slagor had their own shared mission: to hold off or even kill Chillrend.

"Prophet, as long as you can hold the frost giant for 15 minutes, I'm confident I can deal a serious blow to it!"

Onyx nodded, his gaze fixed on the approaching Chillrend in the distance—a massive beast towering over the battlefield.

"Frost giants are enormous. Their destructive power against the walls is unimaginable. Get ready to head out with me and take it down!"

Onyx's voice was steady, carrying a calm yet unshakable determination.

"Got it!"

In the skies, atop the thunderhawk.

The thunderhawk circled above Blackstone City, but Orion still couldn't sense Gustalon's presence.

This made him slightly uneasy.

According to the previous plan, Orion, the thunderhawk, and Lilith were responsible for dealing with Gustalon, a major threat.

Now, with no sign of Gustalon, Orion couldn't help but worry about the safety of the other elders.

At the underground fissure, on the city walls.

Lorelia and Rendall stood together, their expressions grim as they looked out over the chaos engulfing Blackstone City.

"What an incredible magic—so many snowlings, and they just keep coming!"

"I'm so jealous! These snowlings don't seem to consume any resources. As long as it snows, they just keep spawning!"

Lorelia stared at the snowlings crawling out of the drifts, her envy and frustration evident.

To hatch a large number of spiderlings, Lorelia had to consume vast amounts of food.

But these snowlings? They didn't need any resources at all—just snow.

For a broodmother like the Spider Queen, this wasn't just envy anymore—it was outright jealousy.

"Elder, should we send some of the spiders to help ease the pressure on the clansfolk?"

Despite her jealousy, Lorelia was still worried about Blackstone City. After all, it was Orion's territory, her birthplace, and her home.

"Have you forgotten the task Orion gave you?"

"Hold the underground fissure. Make sure Blackstone City doesn't face any interference from the fissure during the battle!"

Rendall reminded Lorelia of the mission Orion had entrusted to her, causing her to abandon the idea of sending reinforcements.

"Also, take your guards and return to the underground fissure!"

As the Spider Queen and broodmother of the Stoneheart Horde, Lorelia was one of their most precious assets.

After the lessons learned from the last battle, Orion would never allow her to appear on the frontlines again.

At most, Lorelia could send her spiderlings to the walls, using their webs to assist the bloodline warriors in killing the invaders.

To ensure her safety, Orion had even assigned Rendall to guard her personally.

Orion couldn't risk Lorelia being killed in the chaos by Gustalon or any other Alpha-level opponent.

There was no denying it—Lumi's snowling invasion and harassment had indeed caused a massive headache for Blackstone City.

Not only had it thrown the city into chaos, but it had also tied up a significant number of bloodline warriors.

And amidst this chaos, the invaders had launched their full-scale assault.

Outside the city, the combined forces of frost giants and icefield snow wolves had entered the trap zone, now within range of the city's catapults and crossbows.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Countless boulders and bolts rained down, working in tandem with various traps to suppress the charging frost giants and icefield snow wolves at the front.

At the same time, the wind howled, and snow swirled through the air. The relentless blizzard turned the world into a vast expanse of white.

Inside the city, the snowlings grew even more numerous amidst the storm, their movements becoming quicker and more agile.

It was truly a case of snow feeding off the wind, and the wind amplifying the snow's power.

As the storm raged on, Orion and the thunderhawk finally caught sight of Gustalon.

"Rayden!"

At Orion's command, Thunderhawk Rayden unleashed a bolt of lightning, striking toward a swirling mass of snow in the sky.

"Hahaha... We meet again, mighty giant!"

A voice echoed through the wind as Gustalon transformed into a tornado, whipping up snow and dodging the lightning strike.

Whoosh!

At the same time, Gustalon countered with a massive wind blade, slicing through the air toward the thunderhawk.

The thunderhawk screeched, climbing higher to evade the attack.

Then, with a powerful flap of its wings, it dove straight toward Gustalon's position.

The fierce winds churned, and Gustalon, unwilling to let the thunderhawk get too close, immediately shifted his tornado form to another location.

Gustalon was well aware of the danger—Orion and Lilith were both riding on the thunderhawk's back.

Lilith, a succubus, was someone Gustalon had suffered losses against before, so he remained on guard.

Awooo!

Roar!

As Orion and the thunderhawk pursued Gustalon, a wolf's howl and a beast's roar intertwined, echoing across Blackstone City.

With Gustalon's appearance successfully tying up Orion and the thunderhawk, the Alpha-level threats Wolf King and Chillrend launched their assault, closing in on Blackstone City.

"Xalathar, I'm right behind you!"

Thundar drew his twin swords, roaring as he leapt from the city walls to follow the abyssal dragon into battle against the Wolf King.

Chapter 197 Coordinated assault

"Slagor, let's go!"

Onyx pulled out his stone axe and charged forward, his target set on the frost giant leader.

"Got it!"

Slagor didn't hesitate. He drew his weapon and followed closely behind.

This was a full-scale battle. While the Stoneheart Horde had two Alpha-level fighters against one Alpha-level opponent, the invaders had countless fearless minions aiding them. It was hard to say which side had the upper hand.

The snowstorm raged on, snowflakes blanketing the battlefield.

Snowlings were everywhere, scattered across the battlefield. Though they weren't particularly strong, their presence always caused chaos wherever they appeared.

Smack!

Delilah cracked her whip, shattering a snowling that had crawled out of a snowdrift into a pile of icy debris.

Suddenly, the snowstorm intensified, and the surrounding air grew noticeably colder.

Delilah felt the oppressive aura of an Alpha-level presence and looked up into the sky.

Descending slowly through the swirling snow was Lumi, dressed in a flowing white gown. She hovered mid-air, gazing down at Delilah with an icy, detached expression.

If Gustalon's mission was to keep Orion and the thunderhawk occupied, Lumi's task was to dismantle the Stoneheart Horde's defenses from within.

Combined with the Wolf King and Chillrend attacking from outside, this was a coordinated assault, striking both inside and out.

"Who are you? What's your purpose here?"

Delilah had never seen Lumi before, but she could sense the same aura from her as Gustalon's.

"My name is Lumi. I'm here to dismantle your internal defenses."

Lumi spoke her name and purpose without hesitation, but the next moment, her expression shifted into a frown.

She stared at Delilah, and a flicker of seriousness flashed in her crystalline, icy eyes.

"You used illusions on me?"

"No... it's hypnosis!"

Delilah smiled but didn't answer. When she had spoken earlier, she had used the hypnotic voice technique from her Nightmare Arts.

Lumi, caught off guard, had fallen for it, revealing both her name and her mission.

Lumi's gaze hardened, her expression turning cold and indifferent. She sealed her mind in ice, locking away any further vulnerabilities.

Raising her hand, Lumi summoned the swirling snowflakes in the air, condensing them into three sharp icicles.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The three icicles shot down in a triangular formation, aiming straight for Delilah.

The whistling sound of the ice projectiles had already alerted Delilah. She dodged swiftly, avoiding the deadly icicles as they struck the ground.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The icicles shattered on impact, their destructive power evident.

"Elementals... such a pain to deal with," Delilah muttered under her breath, frustrated.

She didn't have many options against Lumi.

Lumi hovered in the air, just high enough to stay out of Delilah's attack range.

Though Lumi was only Alpha-level, her mastery of her abilities and the advantage of the current environment made her a formidable opponent.

This was precisely why Soraya of the desert had chosen not to resist Lumi. Winning or losing wasn't the issue—it was the sheer frustration of being constantly suppressed.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Another three icicles rained down, forcing Delilah to keep dodging.

With Delilah tied up, there was no one left to coordinate the defense within Blackstone City. The chaos caused by the snowlings deepened further.

Outside the city, high in the sky, the thunderhawk continued its pursuit of Gustalon but had yet to gain the upper hand.

Gustalon kept fleeing, slippery as an eel in the void.

"Orion, there's an Alpha-level fighter inside the city. Her name is Lumi!"

Orion turned, surprised, to look at Lilith behind him.

But then he remembered that Lilith and Delilah were twin sisters. They likely had some way of sensing each other, and Orion quickly understood.

"Is she strong?"

"Yes. Lumi is also an elemental. This snowstorm and those snowlings? They're her doing."

Hearing this, Orion's pupils narrowed slightly.

"Rayden, stop the chase. We're heading back to the city!"

Thunderhawk Rayden let out an eagle-like screech, clearly reluctant.

Still, Rayden didn't disobey Orion's command. With a sharp turn, the thunderhawk dove toward Blackstone City.

Seeing the thunderhawk abandon its pursuit and head back to the city, Gustalon immediately realized their intent—to kill Lumi.

Gustalon hesitated.

A golden opportunity to turn the tide of the battle lay before him.

He could descend outside the city and assist the Wolf King or Chillrend in killing the Alpha-level fighters of Blackstone City.

Doing so would give the invaders a significant advantage in the siege.

But if Gustalon made that choice, Lumi would undoubtedly be killed by Orion.

Gustalon knew all too well how powerful Orion and the thunderhawk were.

"What should I do? Which choice should I make?"

Gustalon glanced at the battlefield outside the city, then at Lumi, who was suppressing Delilah inside the city.

"Better save Lumi first."

"Those two big guys outside aren't my friends anyway!"

In the end, Gustalon chose to abandon the larger battlefield and save his ally.

Transforming into a tornado, Gustalon chased after the thunderhawk, heading toward Blackstone City.

Outside the city, the battle raged on.

The combined forces of the icefield snow wolves and frost giants had sacrificed countless lives to clear the traps along their path.

The invaders were now at the city's gates.

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Using the frost giants' massive bodies as springboards, the icefield snow wolves leapt toward the city walls, attacking relentlessly.

At the edge of the walls, rows of spikes and webs stretched out.

Despite the constant emergence of snowlings from the snow, the bloodline warriors and cave spiders defending the walls worked together seamlessly.

The bloodline warriors focused on killing the icefield snow wolves that made it to the walls, while the cave spiders cleared out the snowlings. Their division of labor kept the battle in a tense stalemate.

In the distance, outside the city.

The howls of wolves and the roars of beasts echoed endlessly.

The Wolf King, accompanied by a hundred elite guards—all hero-level fighters—was locked in combat with the abyssal dragon.

Standing atop the abyssal dragon, Thundar swung his massive twin swords, cutting down any icefield snow wolves that got too close. His efforts allowed the abyssal dragon to focus entirely on the Wolf King.

But with the Wolf King's guards protecting him, neither side could gain the upper hand.

Elsewhere, Onyx clashed repeatedly with Chillrend, his stone axe colliding with the frost giant's enormous bone club.

Boom!

Chillrend swung his bone club again, forcing Onyx to retreat.

It was clear that Chillrend had the upper hand in raw strength.

However, Onyx's body was fully petrified, giving him incredible durability. He hadn't sustained any serious injuries yet.

Meanwhile, Slagor, who had followed Onyx into battle, was constantly harassed by hero-level frost giants.

Their original plan had been for Onyx to hold off Chillrend while Slagor prepared a powerful spell to severely wound or even kill the frost giant.

But with the frost giants' relentless interference, Slagor's casting was repeatedly interrupted, leaving him increasingly frustrated.

Chapter 198 Contract backlash

Inside the City.

Delilah tugged on the spider silk in her left hand, and the airborne Lumi was sliced into countless icy fragments by the tightening threads.

After dodging several ice spikes and seeing her hidden trap finally take effect, Delilah couldn't help but smile.

But in the next moment, her smile froze.

High above, in a spot even higher than before, Lumi—who had just been shredded into snow debris by the transparent spider silk—reformed her body and reappeared in Delilah's line of sight.

"What... is this thing unkillable?"

The miraculous abilities of elemental beings left Delilah deeply shaken.

"Such a sinister and cunning attack!"

"I didn't expect your spider silk to be hidden so well in the snow, completely undetectable to me!"

Lumi looked down at Delilah, her previously indifferent gaze now showing a faint ripple of emotion.

As an elemental being, Lumi naturally possessed unique abilities—like her ability to reform from snow, or Gustalon's ability to move as wind.

If not for these innate powers, Lumi would have already been killed by Delilah's trap.

"Elemental beings truly are God's favorites," Delilah remarked with a smile, her expression now calm and composed.

She knew her husband, Orion, was already on his way.

Her task was simple: stall Lumi.

"Beautiful Lady Lumi, shall we call it a truce?"

Lumi hesitated for a moment, her gaze briefly clouded with confusion.

Boom!

A bolt of lightning struck down from the sky, slamming into Lumi with devastating force. Explore more stories with empire

Her body instantly dissolved into a mass of snow and began to melt away.

Seeing this, Delilah's smile grew even wider.

When Lumi had been trapped and shredded by the spider silk, her mind had wavered.

Delilah seized the opportunity and used her Song of Bewilderment while speaking, subtly casting a spell to confuse Lumi.

Caught in the enchantment, Lumi was unable to react in time and was struck by the thunderhawk's lightning attack during its dive.

"Lumi!"

A cry of alarm echoed from nearby.

Whoosh!

Accompanying the shout was a massive wind blade, slicing through the air with terrifying speed.

Thunderhawk Rayden, following Orion's orders to continue striking the snow mass with lightning, was forced to veer off course to avoid the incoming wind blade.

Whoosh...

The wind blade roared past, narrowly missing the thunderhawk.

Taking advantage of the distraction, the snow mass scattered and disappeared into the swirling blizzard.

Beside Gustalon, the snowflakes began to coalesce once more, and Lumi's form reappeared.

This time, however, her figure was hazy and indistinct, shrouded in a misty blur.

"Good thing I got here in time. Are you alright?"

Gustalon let out a sigh of relief as he looked at the faintly visible Lumi.

For elemental beings like them, as long as they didn't suffer a true death, their dissipated bodies could quickly regenerate using the dense elemental energy around them.

"You failed to keep him occupied," Lumi said, her voice still cold, though a faint trace of unease could be detected if one listened closely.

Gustalon gave an awkward smile. Failing to hold off Orion and allowing Lumi to get injured left him feeling embarrassed.

"My body is incomplete, and my elemental control is unstable. Let's retreat," Lumi said, her tone decisive.

Without waiting for a response, her form dissolved into a swirl of snow, merging seamlessly with the blizzard.

Gustalon sighed, glanced at the thunderhawk rapidly approaching from the distance, and transformed into a gust of wind, vanishing from sight.

Orion frowned, his unease growing as he failed to locate Lumi and Gustalon.

Although the thunderhawk's lightning had severely injured Lumi, Orion wouldn't feel at ease until he was certain the two elemental beings had truly left the battlefield.

Riding atop the thunderhawk, Orion circled above Blackstone City, scanning the area. Only when he saw the snowstorm begin to subside and shift northward did he finally relax.

As long as beings like Lumi and Gustalon remained on the battlefield, Orion couldn't focus on the main fight.

Within Blackstone City, the snowlings that had been crawling out of the snow suddenly crumbled into piles of icy debris and vanished without explanation. The eerie disappearance left everyone puzzled.

After waiting for a while and seeing no more snowlings emerge, the bloodline warriors of the Stoneheart Horde erupted into cheers of victory.

With the snowlings gone, more bloodline warriors rushed to the city walls to reinforce the defenses.

Outside the City.

The overwhelming assault of icefield snow wolves and frost giants faced a fierce counterattack, and the pressure on the defenders began to ease.

Roar!

In the distance, the abyssal dragon's bloodshot eyes glowed with icy fury, its killing intent palpable.

Crunch!

A hero-level icefield snow wolf was caught in the abyssal dragon's jaws. With a powerful bite, the dragon tore the wolf in half, its blood spraying across the battlefield.

This was a direct provocation—a challenge from the abyssal dragon to the Wolf King.

The Wolf King, however, remained calm, staying hidden within the wolf pack and refusing to engage directly.

The Wolf King's strategy was simple: use the swarm of wolves to wear down the abyssal dragon and Thundar.

But Orion's arrival shattered the Wolf King's carefully constructed plan.

A piercing eagle cry echoed across the battlefield as Orion, like an Ancient Titan, gazed down at the Wolf King from high above.

Whoosh!

A trident tore through the air, descending with immense power.

Boom!

The trident struck the ground, leaving a crater and a pool of blood.

It was the Wolf King's blood—the attack had severed its tail.

"Quick reflexes," Orion muttered, pulling out another trident and preparing for another ranged assault.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Several more tridents rained down, but the Wolf King managed to dodge each one.

"Lilith, it's your turn!"

A strange incantation filled the air as Lilith cast Mind Confusion, an illusion spell.

Thud!

A trident pierced through the Wolf King's side, pinning it to the ground.

This was the perfect opportunity!

"Thundar!"

Hearing Orion's call, Thundar leapt from the abyssal dragon's back, sprinting across the wolf pack toward the injured Wolf King.

As he ran, Thundar pulled a taming collar from his pouch.

Orion had distributed three taming collars to Rendall, Delilah, and Thundar.

Thundar didn't hold back, his twin swords cutting down the fearless icefield snow wolves that lunged at him.

He quickly reached the heavily injured Wolf King and threw the taming collar toward it.

But just as the collar was about to latch onto the Wolf King, it was repelled and flung back.

"This... this is contract backlash?"

Thundar caught the collar, stunned and momentarily at a loss for what to do.

Chapter 199 This is the end for you

On the thunderhawk's back, Orion froze for a moment.

He hadn't expected the Wolf King to already be enslaved, bound by a contract.

"Thundar, kill it!"

Orion's voice rang out as he urged the thunderhawk to dive.

For an Alpha-level beast that had already been claimed, the best course of action was to kill it and extract its crystal core.

Roar!

The abyssal dragon, perfectly in sync with Orion, reacted instantly. As soon as Orion gave the order, the dragon swung its claws, tearing through the icefield snow wolves in its path before charging straight at the Wolf King.

The wolves flanking the dragon, still lunging at it, were completely ignored.

Crunch!

The abyssal dragon moved with terrifying speed. Before Thundar could even react, it had already reached the Wolf King and snapped its neck with a single bite.

The Wolf King, which had been preparing to counterattack, slumped lifelessly to the ground.

Awooo!

The final howl of the Wolf King was low and mournful.

It was both a cry of despair and a signal for retreat.

Even in its dying moments, the Wolf King fulfilled its duty, issuing the command for the wolf pack to retreat.

The invasion of Blackstone City had been ordered by Lord Jorik, and as long as it lived, the Wolf King had no choice but to obey.

But in its final moments, it chose to prioritize its pack, letting out one last sorrowful howl.

Orion dismounted from the thunderhawk, landing beside the Wolf King's corpse. With a swift motion, he used his trident to split open the Wolf King's skull and extract its crystal core.

"The wolves are retreating. Thundar, lead the clansfolk who received the bells and begin the capture operation!"

Orion, holding his trident, issued the command while remaining on high alert.

"Yes, chieftain!"

Thundar immediately turned and headed back to Blackstone City to gather the necessary forces.

Three thousand taming bells meant three thousand wolf-mounted warriors. Just the thought of it was enough to ignite excitement.

Meanwhile, Orion climbed back onto the abyssal dragon's back and retreated to a safer distance.

He stared at the Wolf King's corpse for a long moment. Suddenly, a furious voice echoed from within.

"Damn you, giant! How dare you kill my servant!"

"You'll pay for this!"

At the same time, the Wolf King's body began to stir. Slowly, it rose to its feet, its pitch-black eyes now glowing with an unfathomable depth.

Roar! Find more chapters on empire

Orion raised his trident, and the abyssal dragon let out a deafening roar, charging forward.

Boom!

As the abyssal dragon lunged, the Wolf King leapt into the air.

Mid-air, the Wolf King's body began to twist and contort, emitting a sickening sound of bones breaking and reshaping.

From its abdomen, a pair of pitch-black wings sprouted, and its head and limbs began to transform.

Moments later, a creature that was neither fully wolf nor fully dragon stood before Orion.

"I knew it. There was a will projection hidden inside the Wolf King. You must be Lord Jorik, am I right?"

Orion's expression remained calm. Having faced will projections from Legendary-level beings multiple times, he no longer regarded them as insurmountable threats.

In fact, Orion had even begun to entertain a dangerous idea: using the backlash from the Curse of a Hundred Blossoms to push his strength to new heights.

"Die!"

Roar! Roar!

The roars of two dragons echoed across the battlefield, shaking the earth with their ferocity.

Boom!

The clash between the two dragons was brutal and bloody.

The Glacial Dragon dove down, its massive jaws open wide and its claws poised to strike.

The abyssal dragon, unwilling to back down, lunged forward, aiming its gaping maw at the Glacial Dragon's head while slashing with its front claws.

Rip!

On the abyssal dragon's back, Orion used his trident to slice through the Glacial Dragon's wings, which were tightly wrapped around the abyssal dragon.

Stepping onto the severed wing, Orion climbed onto the Glacial Dragon's back.

"Apologies, Lord Jorik, but this is the end for you."

Orion's gaze was cold as he leapt into the air, driving the Flame of Will deep into the Glacial Dragon's body.

Locked in a vicious struggle with the abyssal dragon, the Glacial Dragon had no way to defend itself. It could only watch as the trident pierced its body.

Boom!

In the next moment, flames erupted from within the Glacial Dragon, engulfing it entirely.

Lord Jorik's will projection let out a pained howl as the flames consumed it, forcing it to release its grip on the abyssal dragon.

The abyssal dragon seized the opportunity, grabbing the Glacial Dragon in its jaws and hurling it far into the distance.

Then, the abyssal dragon buried its head in the snow, extinguishing the flames that had spread to its own body.

"Go rest now."

The abyssal dragon let out a low growl before transforming into a streak of blood-red light and returning to Orion's heart.

"Damn you, giant! I'll remember this!"

"Pray that Gareth, that bitch, can protect you for the rest of your life!"

Within the flames, the Glacial Dragon's will projection gradually dissipated, eventually transforming into a golden light that entered the survivor's chest left behind by the Wolf King.

Orion retrieved the chest and whistled sharply. The thunderhawk, circling above, swooped down to pick him up.

Elsewhere on the battlefield.

Onyx and Slagor were locked in a fierce battle with Chillrend, but they were slowly gaining the upper hand.

After realizing he couldn't use his ultimate spell, Slagor had resorted to wielding his weapon, joining Onyx in a coordinated assault on Chillrend. Surprisingly, this strategy was proving effective.

Orion observed the fight from above and turned to Lilith.

"Help them finish this quickly. We can't afford any surprises."

"Understood."

Lilith clasped her hands together, forming a strange gesture. Channeling her magic, she cast another illusion.

Below, Chillrend, locked in combat, suddenly froze, as if its soul had been momentarily stripped away.

Onyx and Slagor, both seasoned fighters, seized the opportunity. Onyx swung his stone axe toward Chillrend's heart, while Slagor aimed his massive sword at its neck.

Orion didn't remain idle either. He commanded the thunderhawk to unleash a lightning strike directly at Chillrend's head.

Boom!

Chillrend's massive body collapsed to the ground, lifeless.

From the thunderhawk's back, Orion's eyes lit up as he spotted the survivor's chest on Chillrend's corpse.

He hadn't expected the final blow to come from his thunderhawk, earning him an unexpected reward. The thought of the chest put him in an excellent mood.

"Prophet, assist Thundar with the capture operation!"

Hearing Orion's command, Onyx's deep-set eyes gleamed with renewed determination.

With a quick acknowledgment, Onyx began pursuing the retreating wolf pack, focusing on capturing hero-level and above icefield snow wolves.

On the city walls.

With the deaths of the Wolf King and Chillrend, the invading forces lost their leaders.

The wolf pack and frost giants, now leaderless, turned and fled in disarray, abandoning their comrades and scattering in all directions.

Chapter 200 If you do, you'll face the consequences

The tide of the battle had completely turned.

The invaders were fleeing in disarray, and the bloodline warriors defending the walls received orders to pursue them. Without hesitation, they poured out of the city in a relentless chase.

To ensure the safety of the horde members and guard against any unexpected developments, Orion commanded the thunderhawk to patrol the battlefield from above. His presence in the skies gave the warriors immense confidence.

The capture operation, led by Rendall and Thundar, was proceeding with great success.

Inside the city, Delilah had organized the cleanup efforts with precision, and Blackstone City was quickly regaining its vitality.

Even the cave spiders from the underground fissure were being deployed in large numbers, tasked with hauling the invaders' corpses back to the fissure.

On the city walls.

Slagor stood atop the walls, watching the retreating icefield snow wolves and frost giants in the distance. His tense expression finally softened.

"We've done it. We've defeated the invaders. My tribe has survived!"

Behind him stood the elder of the lizardman tribe, who had been assisting in the city's defense. The elder had witnessed firsthand the strength of the Stoneheart Horde.

"Chieftain, when will we return home?"

Slagor didn't turn around. His gaze remained fixed on the distant battlefield, where the pursuit was still ongoing.

"Let's wait a little longer—until the invasion is completely over, or the situation stabilizes."

"Besides, if we return to the Poison Dragon Swamp now, we'll likely run into some of the remaining icefield invaders."

The elder nodded in agreement with Slagor's decision.

"Chieftain, do you think we could build a city like this in the Poison Dragon Swamp?"

The sight of Blackstone City's towering walls had left the lizardman bloodline warriors deeply envious. A city like this could guarantee their tribe's safety for at least a century.

Slagor fell silent, pondering the question.

But as his gaze fell on the massive stone blocks that made up the walls, he quickly dismissed the idea.

"If it were in the past, there might have been a slim chance."

"But now? It's impossible."

Slagor's frustration was evident. He wanted to leave Blackstone City immediately and take the trolls with him.

The trolls could serve as slaves, giving Slagor the labor force he needed to build a similar city in the Poison Dragon Swamp.

But the trolls had already been gifted to Orion as a tribute, and they now harbored resentment toward Slagor.

The thought made Slagor want to slap himself.

Besides, if he dared to take the trolls, Orion would likely kill him on the spot.

"Go tell the tribe to start packing."

"We'll leave Blackstone City as soon as Orion returns."

To the west, at the desert's edge.

Scorpion Queen Soraya dismounted from her massive scorpion and stepped onto the ground. She extended her hand, catching a fiery red scorpion that had emerged from the Black Forest.

The fire scorpion clicked its pincers rapidly, emitting a series of crackling sounds as if delivering a message.

The more Soraya listened, the more shocked she became. Her expression turned to disbelief, and even a hint of regret.

"Your Majesty, is there news?"

"Yes."

Soraya remained silent for a moment before slowly speaking, recounting the information she had received.

"Lumi and Gustalon were defeated and fled north."

"An Alpha-level icefield snow wolf and an Alpha-level frost giant were killed on the spot."

"The invaders are in full retreat. The giants of the Black Forest have achieved a decisive victory."

Soraya's regret deepened. What bothered her most was that she hadn't been able to claim a share of the spoils.

"Your Majesty, should we still enter the Black Forest?"

The High Priestess asked cautiously. Their original plan had been to wait for Orion and the invaders to weaken each other, then swoop in to reap the benefits.

In truth, the scorpion tribe had come to the border purely to take advantage of the situation.

"Let's go back."

"The fire scorpion tells me the Stoneheart Horde has many Alpha-level fighters. We can't afford to provoke them."

With that, Soraya climbed back onto her giant scorpion.

The massive creature clicked its pincers and slowly burrowed into the sand.

Jarex opened his mouth as if to say something, but the High Priestess stopped him, shaking her head.

To the north, at the Abyssal Chasm.

Lord Gareth's face was pale. She had just fought a fierce battle with Lord Jorik.

Already injured from a previous encounter, she now bore even more wounds.

What puzzled Gareth was Jorik's unusual behavior today—he seemed uncharacteristically irritable and furious.

Frowning, Gareth's thoughts drifted to Orion.

"Could it be that the icefield invaders suffered a defeat while attacking the Black Forest?"

"With Orion's strength, it's possible he killed one or two Alpha-level fighters. But with the sheer number of icefield invaders..."

Gareth found herself half-believing her own speculation. Yet the thought of the overwhelming numbers of icefield snow wolves and frost giants made her hesitate.

Just then, a piece of good news arrived, confirming her suspicions.

"Lord Jorik has retreated!"

The messenger was Arden, his face alight with joy.

Gareth narrowed her eyes, scrutinizing Arden as if trying to see through him.

"Arden, do you understand the weight of what you're saying?"

Under Gareth's piercing gaze, Arden quickly clarified.

"My Lord, Lord Jorik has retreated!"

"Jorik and his faction are withdrawing north, likely returning to the northern icefields!"

A heavy silence fell over the room.

After a long pause, Gareth's voice broke the stillness, calm and devoid of emotion.

"Arden, take the Storm Vulture and monitor Jorik's faction."

"Do not return until Jorik has fully retreated to the icefields."

Your journey continues on empire

Arden nodded quickly, accepting the task.

Once he had left the chamber, Gareth's voice echoed softly once more.

"Giants... truly a race capable of creating miracles."

In Blackstone City, inside the chieftain's tent.

The invaders had been thoroughly defeated. Now came the bloodline warriors' favorite part: hunting down the fleeing enemies.

Orion sat in the chieftain's tent, swirling a glass of wine in his hand.

"Chieftain Orion, I've come to inform you that I'll be taking my tribe back to the Poison Dragon Swamp."

Slagor had come to bid farewell. The longer he stayed in Blackstone City, the more uneasy he felt.

He knew that once the Stoneheart Horde's bloodline warriors returned, there was a high chance that Orion would decide to keep the lizardman tribe here permanently.

With the situation now stabilized, Slagor felt it was imperative to leave Blackstone City and return to the Poison Dragon Swamp as soon as possible.

Orion stared at Slagor, a peculiar smile playing on his lips.

To be honest, Orion was debating whether to let Slagor leave—or seize the opportunity to subjugate him entirely.

Still, when Orion thought about Lord Gareth, he abandoned the idea of subjugating Slagor for now.

"Forget it. I'll wait. The day I ascend to Legendary level will be the day Slagor surrenders to me."

Orion sighed inwardly, then smiled.

"You can leave, but you're not allowed to take a single piece of loot with you."

"Slagor, you understand what I mean, don't you?"

Orion's tone was light, even friendly, but Slagor could hear the warning—and the underlying threat—clearly.

"Of course. For my lizardman tribe to have survived this calamity, we're already more than satisfied."

Slagor forced a smile, though his heart was heavy with frustration.

But he had no choice. He could only comply with Orion's demands.

"Then, honorable Chieftain Orion, the Poison Dragon Swamp needs rebuilding. I'll take my people and leave shortly."

Orion didn't respond verbally, simply nodding to signal his approval.

Seeing this, Slagor felt a wave of relief wash over him. He turned and began walking out of the tent.

Just as he was about to step outside, Orion's calm voice rang out from behind him.

"Remember, don't take a single piece of loot. If you do, you'll face the consequences."

Slagor froze for a moment but didn't turn back to argue. Instead, he quickened his pace, leaving the tent as fast as he could.

"Orion, why didn't you take the chance to extort him a little more?"

Lilith, who had been standing silently behind Orion, finally spoke after Slagor left.

"I've already squeezed him dry of everything he was willing to give."

"As for whatever he's still holding onto, he'd rather die than hand it over."

Orion reached out, pulling Lilith into his lap and letting her sit on his thigh.

"Letting them go is for the best. It saves us the trouble of Lord Gareth coming after us later."

"Besides, Slagor has indirectly offended Lumi and Gustalon. With him back in the Poison Dragon Swamp, he'll draw some of their hatred away from us."

Orion's voice was calm and measured, carrying a hint of cunning. His mix of brute strength and sharp intellect made Lilith fall for him even more.

"Darling Orion, do you think Lord Gareth will launch another invasion to the south this year?"

Lilith suddenly voiced her concern. She feared Orion might head south again, leaving her alone in Blackstone City.

"This year? Judging by the situation, it's unlikely."

"The icefield invaders' attack caused significant losses to all factions. Unless Lord Gareth is a fool, she'll take at least a year or two to recover."

This meant that Blackstone City was about to enter a period of peace and growth—a golden opportunity for development.

For Orion and the Stoneheart Horde, this was excellent news.

First, Orion could finally begin his long-awaited flying mount domestication program.

Second, the cultivation of magical plants needed to be prioritized. The resources and blood harvested from this invasion would be enough to grow a batch of Blood Mushrooms.

Third, the plan to train three thousand wolf-mounted warriors was already underway. The horde's bloodline warriors would need time to tame the icefield snow wolves and learn basic cavalry skills.

At the very least, they needed to master charging and coordinated attacks—something that couldn't be achieved overnight.

One by one, tasks began piling up in Orion's mind, almost overwhelming him.

Moments later, Rendall and Delilah entered the chieftain's tent together.

Lilith tried to stand up, but Orion held her firmly in place on his lap.

"It's fine. Rendall and Delilah are family. What are you embarrassed about?"

Rendall chuckled heartily as he walked in, his laughter carrying a mix of warmth and mischief.

To be precise, it was the kind of laughter that only someone shamelessly comfortable with themselves could produce.

Delilah, on the other hand, smiled knowingly. She didn't seem the least bit bothered by Lilith and Orion's intimate posture.

"Chieftain, we've compiled the casualty report from the invasion, excluding those still out hunting the retreating invaders."

Orion nodded, signaling Delilah to continue.

"The cannon fodder troops numbered 53,720. Of those, 2,871 were killed, all on the city walls."

"The bloodline warriors numbered 10,030. Of those, 283 were killed, also all on the city walls."

"The cave spiders sent 80,000 spiderlings into battle. Over 30,000 were killed."

The atmosphere in the tent grew heavy and somber.

Orion, who had been idly toying with Lilith's chest, stopped and narrowed his eyes in thought.

The losses among the cannon fodder troops and bloodline warriors were acceptable to him.

But losing over 30,000 spiderlings? That stung.

Hatching and raising that many spiderlings had consumed an enormous amount of resources.

Now, after this battle, they were all gone—reduced to nothing.

"Damn it. War really is just a contest of resources," Orion muttered, his mood souring.

"What about the spoils?"

Delilah's smile grew more radiant, her tone tinged with seduction.

"The cave spiders dragged 83,200 corpses into the underground fissure, most of them icefield snow wolves."

"Darling chieftain, the horde already has an ample supply of meat!"

Thankfully, the spoils of war would replenish the resources consumed by the cave spiders. Otherwise, Orion wouldn't have known how to sustain them.

"Chieftain, Slagor has already gathered his people. Should we let them leave now?"

This time, it was Rendall who spoke. As the commander of the cannon fodder troops, he had been responsible for overseeing the lizardman tribe's camp.

"So soon?"

Orion was surprised. He hadn't expected Slagor to move so quickly.

In Orion's mind, even if Slagor was eager to leave, it would take at least half a day to pack up and organize his people.

But apparently, Slagor had wasted no time.

"Let them go."

"Tell the guards in the cannon fodder camp to keep their eyes sharp. The lizardmen are not to take a single piece of loot with them—not one!"

Rendall's eyes lit up. He understood exactly what Orion was implying.

"I'll handle it right away!"

Rendall turned and hurried out of the tent, practically running toward the cannon fodder camp.

"Ha! Look at Rendall rushing off like that. He's definitely planning to extort something from Slagor," Delilah said with a laugh, easily seeing through Rendall's intentions.

"It's fine. Slagor led the invaders into the Black Forest, costing us so many bloodline warriors and spiderlings. He deserves it."

Orion smirked, imagining Rendall glaring at Slagor and stubbornly demanding compensation.

Yes, that scene would definitely be entertaining.